

FOR EUROPE & AMERICA
INDIA, AUSTRALIA, etc., and for
PRIVATE RESIDENTS AT THE
"OVERSEAS"
A Comprehensive and Complete
Record of the
NEWS OF THE FAR EAST
is given in the
HONGKONG WEEKLY
PRESS,
With which is incorporated the
CHINA OVERSEAS TRADE REPORT
Subscription, paid in advance,
\$12 per annum. Postage to any
part of the World \$2.

Hongkong Daily Press.

ESTABLISHED 1867

SHORTLY READY.
THE
DIRECTOR & CHRONICLE
FOR 1910.
Complete Edition ... \$10.00
Small ... 6.00
Orders may be sent to the
Hongkong Daily Press Office and
to the Local Bookellers.

No. 16,160. 號十六百一千六萬一第 日六念月二十年元統宣 HONGKONG, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5th, 1910. 大拜禮 號五月二年十一百九千一第曆舊 PRICE, \$3 PER MONTH.

NEW PIANOS ON HIRE

AT
\$10 PER MONTH.

TUNING AND REGULAR
ATTENTION INCLUSIVE.

S. MOUTRIE &
CO., LIMITED.

CHINA MUTUAL LIFE
INSURANCE CO., LD.,
OF SHANGHAI.

DIRECTORS AND OFFICERS.
ALEXANDER McLEOD, Esq., Chairman.
C. STEPHANUS, Esq.
LEE YUNG SU, Esq.
J. H. McMICHAEL, Esq.
C. E. BOWEN, Esq.
A. J. WATSON, Esq., Managing Director.
A. J. HUGHES, Esq., Secretary.
S. B. NEILL, F.I.A., Actuary.
A strong British Corporation Registered
under Hongkong Ordinances and under Life
Insurance Companies' Acts, England.
Insurance in Force ... \$3,405,452.00
Assets ... 7,114,490.08
Income for Year ... 307,854.81
Total Security to Policyholders 7,883,852.83

LEFFERTS KNOX, Esq., Hongkong, Canton, Mexico
District Manager.
B. W. TAPE, Esq., and the
District Secretary, Philippines.
[1472] ALEXANDRA BUILDING, HONGKONG.

GREEN ISLAND CEMENT COMPANY
PORTLAND CEMENT.
In Casks 37 1/2 lbs. net \$3.50 per cask ex Factory
In Bags 20 lbs. net \$3.45 per bag ex Factory
SHEWAN, TOMES & CO.,
General Managers.
Hongkong, 29th April, 1908. [1491]

SOURD MILK.

SPECIALLY prepared from pure cultures
of selected lactic ferments.
Orders must be sent in twenty-four hours
in advance.

THE
DAIRY FARM CO., LTD.

PEAK TRAMWAYS COMPANY
LIMITED.

TIME TABLE.

WEEK DAYS.
7.00 a.m. to 10.00 a.m. Every 10 minutes.
10.00 a.m. to 11.00 a.m. Every 15 minutes.
11.30 a.m. to 12.45 p.m. Every 15 minutes.
12.45 p.m. to 1.15 p.m. Every 10 minutes.
1.15 p.m. to 1.45 p.m. Every 15 minutes.
1.45 p.m. to 2.15 p.m. Every 10 minutes.
2.15 p.m. to 3.00 p.m. Every 15 minutes.
3.00 p.m. to 5.00 p.m. Every 15 minutes.
5.00 p.m. to 8.00 p.m. Every 10 minutes.
NIGHT CARS.
8.45 p.m. & 9.00 p.m. 9.45 to 11.15 p.m.
every 15 minutes.
SATURDAY.
Extra Cars at 3.15 p.m., 11.30 p.m. and 11.45 p.m.
SUNDAY.
8.00 a.m. to 9.00 a.m. Every 15 minutes.
9.00 a.m. to 9.30 a.m. Every 10 minutes.
9.30 a.m. to 10.30 a.m. Every 15 minutes.
10.30 a.m. to 11.00 a.m. Every 10 minutes.
11.00 a.m. to 12.00 Noon. Every 15 minutes.
12.00 Noon to 1.00 p.m. Every 10 minutes.
1.00 p.m. to 1.30 p.m. Every 15 minutes.
1.30 p.m. to 2.00 p.m. Every 10 minutes.
2.00 p.m. to 3.00 p.m. Every 15 minutes.
3.00 p.m. to 5.00 p.m. Every 15 minutes.
5.00 p.m. to 7.00 p.m. Every 10 minutes.
7.00 p.m. to 8.00 p.m. Every 15 minutes.
NIGHT CARS at 8.45 p.m. & 9.00 p.m. 9.45 to
11.15 p.m. every half hour.
SPECIAL CARS by arrangement at the
Company's Office, Alexandra Building, Des
Voeux Road Central.
JOHN D. HUMPHREYS & SON,
General Managers.
Hongkong, 1st April, 1909. [1260]

CUTLER, PALMER & CO., WINE & SPIRIT MERCHANTS

LONDON, INDIA, CHINA, JAPAN AND AUSTRALIA.
ESTABLISHED 1815.

LONDON ADDRESS: 5A, NEW LONDON STREET, MARK LANE, LONDON, E.C.

BRANDY ★★★★★ - - -
" ★★★★★ - - -
" ★★★★★ - - -
" ★★★★★ - - -

"IMPERIAL WHISKY"
A MAGNIFICENT BRAND, SPECIALLY
SELECTED FOR THE FAR EAST.

WHISKY, PALL MALL

" JOHN WALKER & SONS'

OLD HIGHLAND

" C. P. & CO.'S SPECIAL

BLENDED

PORT WINE, INVALIDS

" DOURO

SHERRY, LA TORRE

" AMOROSO

BENEDICTINE, D.O.M.

PRICES
ON
APPLICATION.

THE ABOVE ARE EXCLUSIVELY SHIPPED TO
SIEMSEN & CO.,
HONGKONG AGENTS.

LANE, CRAWFORD & CO.

(TELEPHONE 97).

STOCK TAKING SALE

IN

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

FEBRUARY 1ST TO 12TH INCLUSIVE.

COSTUMES, HATS, SKIRTS,
BLOUSES, FURS, HOSIERY, ETC.

AT LOWEST PRICES TO CLEAR.

LANE, CRAWFORD & CO.

[1428]



KUPPER'S PILSENER BEER.

THE LEADING BEER IN THE
FAR EAST.

TELEPHONE No. 75.

SOLE AGENTS—

CALDBECK, MACGREGOR & CO.

WINE & SPIRIT MERCHANTS,
15, Queen's Road Central.

PEARSON'S HYCOL

CO-EFFICIENT 18/20.

The most Powerful Disinfectant in the World.

Guaranteed 18/20 times more effective than Pure Carbolic Acid under Government
Standard Test on Typhoid Germs. Certificate of Strength given to each buyer.
Non-Poisonous and Non-Irritant to Human and Animal life. Non-Corrosive.
One Gallon will make 400 Gallons of Efficient Disinfectant. Perfect Emulsion in Water.

PRICES:

\$3.00 per 1 gall. Drum. \$12.50 per 5 gall. Drum. \$2.60 per 1 gall. in Bulk.

Pearson's Saponified CRESOL

PRICES:

Co-Efficient 10; \$1.95 per 1 gallon Drum.
5; \$1.75 per 1 gallon Drum.

Ask other Manufacturers of Fluids for a Guarantee of the Germicidal Strength of their products
(in relation to Pure Carbolic Acid) under the Standard Test on Typhoid Germs, and then compare
the result with our HYCOL. This is the only way you can arrive at the Germ Killing
Properties and at the true value of a Genuine Disinfectant Fluid.

DODWELL & CO., LTD., SOLE AGENTS for HONGKONG,
SOUTH CHINA and JAPAN.

For Pearson's Antiseptic Co., Limited.

[1113]

JOHN ROBERTS & CO., LTD.,

BILLIARD TABLE MAKERS,
BOMBAY.

UNDETAKE to Supply a First-class Full Sized BILLIARD TABLE, design
No. 1, to following Specification, viz: On Eight Massive Turned Legs, raised panels
to Carved Bracket Knees, Screwed Mouldings, double balled, best Welsh Slate Bed, extra
heavy solid cushion rails fitted with our new low set Expansive Cushions, patent invisible
Pocket Plates, best Whipped Pockets, Six Chalk Cups, Superior West of England Cloth,
and patent adjusting toes, with lever for levelling, complete with the following accessories—

- | | |
|---|---|
| 12 Selected Ash Cues. | 1 Wall Cue Rack. |
| 1 Butt Rest with Patent Brass Head. | 1 Wall Butt Rack. |
| 1 Billiard Rest with Patent Brass Head. | 1 Set Billiard Rules, Framed. |
| 1 Long Butt. | 1 Best Billiard Brush. |
| 1 Mid Butt. | 1 Set "Crystalline" or "Bonsoline" Bill. Balls. |
| 1 Billiard Marking Board. | 1 Box Best Cue Tips, assorted. |
| 1 Dust Cover for Table. | 1 Cue Tip Fastener with File. |
| 1 Straightedge and 1 Circle. | 1 Bottle Cue Cement. |
| 1 Best Spirit Level. | 1 Box Silk Spots. |
| 1 Smoothing Iron with Shoe. | 2 Dozen Best White Chalk. |

Packed and delivered free on Board Hongkong or Shanghai Harbour for the sum of
Rs. 1,400 nett.

Illustrated price lists giving prices and particulars of everything pertaining to billiards
can be had on application from the Office of this paper.

[1134-1]

LONG HING & CO.,

17, QUEEN'S ROAD, CENTRAL.

DEALERS IN—

PHOTO GOODS of all descriptions,
EASTMAN KODAK FILMS.

&c., &c.

DEVELOPING & PRINTING
A SPECIALITY.

[1465]

"SHACKELL"

"SEAL" RED PRINTING INK

IS ABSOLUTELY THE BRIGHTEST RED ON THE MARKET.

SAMPLE GRATIS

SHACKELL EDWARDS & CO., LTD.

PRINTING INK MAKERS.

ESTABLISHED 1876.

HEAD OFFICE:—5, RED LION PASSAGE, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Hongkong, 16th October, 1907.

[1565]



THE GOLD MEDAL for Quality in the
Franco-British Exhibition has been awarded to

"WHITE HORSE" WHISKY.

MACKIE & CO. DISTILLERS LTD. Estab. 1742.

LAGAVULIN DISTILLERY, ISLAY.

Obtainable at all stores
OR FROM THE

SOLE AGENTS:
LANE, CRAWFORD & CO.

NOTE.—Any persons proved guilty of refilling our empty bottles with inferior Whisky
will be refused supplies.

Quality
the Secret of
Success.

BREWER & CO., LIMITED.

FEDDER ST., Adjoining Main Entrance HONGKONG HOTEL TELEPHONE, No. 696.

NEW COLONIAL NOVELS, \$1.75 EACH OR 3 FOR \$5.00.

Susana and Sue, by Douglas Wiggin.

THE CARAVANERS, by the Author of

Elizabeth and her German Garden.

A Woman Against the World, by L. G.

Moberly.

The Lordship of Love, by Baroness Von

Houten.

The Settler, by Ralph Connor.

They and I, by Jerome K. Jerome.

All at Sea, by Little de Batho.

Lord Elvinton's Emeralds, by Dortha

Congers.

Calvary, by Rita.

The Haven, by Eden Phillpotts.

Ann Veronica, by H. G. Wells.

Cricket Hound, by Irving Bacheller.

Out Of from the World, by Frank Bullen.

The Diary of a Lost One ... \$0.50

Rubina, by Blyth ... 80

The Yoke, by Wales ... 80

Confessions of Cleodora, by Dame ... 80

Anna Lombard, by Victoria Cross ... 80

[1471]

WHITAKER'S ALMANACK FOR 1910.

LLOYD'S CALENDAR " 1910.

DAILY MAIL YEAR BOOK " 1910.

DONALDSON'S ENGINEERS'

HANDBOOK, 1910.

THE NAUTICAL ALMANACK

HANDBOOK, 1910.

BROWN'S NAUTICAL ALMANACK.

WINNING POST-WINTER ANNUAL.

FUNCH ALMANACK.

Modern Woman and How to Manage Her,

By W. M. GALLICHAH.

HOW TO BE HAPPY THROUGH CIVIL,

By Rev. E. J. Hardy.

THE ART OF CHESS, By JAMES MASON.

AERIAL NAVIGATION OF TO-DAY,

By Charles C. Turner.

THINGS SEEN IN EGYPT, By

E. L. BUTCHER.

THINGS SEEN IN HOLLAND, By

C. E. BOOHE.

BRITISH JOURNAL PHOTO-

GRAPHIC ALMANACK ... 80

[1472]

WANTED

AGENT WANTED, to represent British
Merchants in London newspapers and
paper stock. Apply—Box "10110".
T. B. BROWNE, LTD.,
Advertising Agents,
163, Queen Victoria Street, London, England.
[1254]

WANTED

JUNIOR EUROPEAN CLERK—
Apply—
"CLERK."
Care of "Daily Press" Office.
Hongkong, 1st February, 1910. [1239]

WANTED

A BOOK-KEEPER for a Manila Firm.
British preferred. Age must be under
30 years, must have had previous experience in
a Merchant's Office; state qualifications,
references and when free.
Reply—
"BOOK-KEEPER."
Care of "Daily Press" Office.
Hongkong, 5th January, 1910. [1129]

THE SWATOW DRAWN WORK Co.,
17A, QUEEN'S ROAD CENTRAL.

MANUFACTURERS of the best quality of
Hand-made Drawn Chinese Linen and
Grass Cloth. All kinds of Silk of best quality;
Canton Embroidery and Chinese Laces from
the latest French Patterns.
Hongkong, 25th December, 1909. [1432]

HOTELS

HONG-KONG HOTEL

FIRST-CLASS AND UP-TO-DATE.

Dining accommodation for 300 Persons.
Well Furnished Reception Rooms.
Private Bar and Billiard Room for Hotel
Residents.
Electric Lifts to each Floor.
Electric Lighting and Fans.
Telephones on every Floor.
Every Comfort.
Ladies' Afternoon Tea Rooms.
Ladies' Dressing Rooms.
Matrons in attendance.
CHAMBERS MODERATE AND NO EXTRAS.
[1435] A. P. DAVIES, Manager.

KING EDWARD HOTEL.

A HIGH CLASS PRIVATE HOTEL.

Ladies' Afternoon Tea-Rooms.
Private Bar and Billiard-Rooms.
Hot and Cold Water throughout.
Electrically Lighted; Electric Fans (if
required).
Electric Passenger Elevator to each floor.
Table D'Hôte at separate tables.
For Terms, &c., apply to the
MANAGER.
Hongkong, 24th July, 1905. [1408]

"KINGSCLERE," PRIVATE HOTEL.

APPROACH FROM KENNEDY ROAD AND
MACDONALD ROAD.

Telephone No. 134. "SACHSOLA."
Telegraphic Address: A.B.C. Code, 5th Ed.
ELECTRIC LIGHT, Hot and Cold Water
throughout. Billiards, Tennis, Croquet,
putting green and fine stabling for horses.
[1471] Proprietress, Mrs. G. SACHSE.

"BRAESIDE," PRIVATE HOTEL.

STANDING in its own grounds with Tennis
and Croquet Lawns, Large Airy and
Well Furnished Rooms, every home comfort.
Fine View of the Harbour.
Telephone, No. 690.
Apply to— Mrs. F. W. WATTS,
"Braeside," 20, Macdonnell Road.
Hongkong, 4th December, 1907. [1436]

DON'T "BATCH" IN BATCHES!!
WHEN you may have ALL the Comforts
at less Cost at
THE WAVERLEY,
PRIVATE BOARDING HOUSE,
43, Robinson Road.
Newly decorated and fitted with every modern
convenience.
Cuisine unexcelled.
Tennis Court.
Terms, Just right!
Mrs. W. H. EMBERLEY
Proprietress.
Hongkong, 1st November, 1909. [144]

VICTORIA HOTEL

SHAMEN-CANTON.

MANAGER—MR. H. HAYNES.

Telegraphic address—"VICTORIA," SHAMEN.

SITUATED ON THE BRITISH CONCESSION.

MACAO HOTEL.

MACAO

Telegraphic address—"FARMER, MACAO."

SITUATED IN THE CENTRE OF PRAYA GRANDE

Both Hotels electrically lighted, and under

experienced European Supervision.

GUIDES AND CHAIRS PROVIDED.

Every information and Special attention given
to Tourists.

REASONABLE RATES.

WM. FARMER,
Proprietor.

"BOA VISTA"

(HOTEL-SANTARIUM OF SOUTH

CHINA).

MACAO.

THE Hotel is under European manage-

ment and most strict supervision as to

food, cleanliness and hygiene of the place.

All comforts of a home.

A most pleasant retreat for those desirous for

a few days rest and quiet.

Comfortable accommodation for travellers

paying a visit to the historical and picturesque

city of Macao.

Macao is 40 miles south-west of Hongkong

Two steamers (s.s. Sai An and Sai Tai) daily to

and from Hongkong, and two steamers to and

from Canton, give easy communication with

both these centres.

Cable Address—"BOAVISTA."

For Terms, apply to

THE MANAGER.

PABST EXTRACT.

THE best TONIC for keeping in perfect

health in the Tropics.

It is a Liquid Food in predigested form

containing all the bracing, soothing and tonic

effects of the choicest hops. Nearly Non-

alcoholic. Highly recommended by the local

medical profession in Cases of DEBILITY

after MALARIA, from OVERWORK or

other causes, ANÆMIA, NERVOUSNESS

or DYSPEPSIA. Samples on Application.

SIEMSEN & CO.,
Agents.
Hongkong, 14th December, 1909. [1519]

FORMAL OPENING OF NEW PREMISES.

telling you how keenly interested I am in this institution and its progress. Associations of this kind are, I think, of the very highest value, tending as they do to promote knowledge of scientific subjects, and to bring together men interested in professional work and in the subjects of engineering and shipbuilding, to enable them to communicate with each other, and to discuss these subjects socially and in an informal way. I regret to say that I think institutions of this kind are too rare amongst British communities. I wish they were more common. We live, gentlemen, in times, as you are aware, of very strenuous industrial competition, and it behoves us all to use every possible endeavour to keep ourselves from getting rusty, and to bring ourselves up to date, so as to maintain that position in the industrial world which Great Britain has always occupied (Applause). And by the foundation of institutions of this class these objects can be achieved by affording facilities such as circulating libraries, and as I said before, opportunities of reading papers and having discussions upon them, and the meetings of men with the common object of discussing these questions. I am glad to be able to assure you of my keen personal interest in this institution, and the Government will, on its part, do anything which may be possible to assist it in any way (Applause). But I think the value of this institution lies primarily in its being the outcome of personal initiative, and in the outcome of common government by members who serve a useful object which is recognised by all. I should be sorry to see the Government interfere in an association of this kind, but still, when the Government has had the opportunity of stopping in we have done so, and in the matter of the engineering classes now being conducted at the Technical Institute, I hope they are performing and will continue to perform useful work. Possibly when the new university takes form these classes may be further extended and developed. I think that is a matter for the Government to take in hand, because adequate instruction in engineering involves, as you know better than I do, elaborate expenses which no private institution can undertake. The arrangements in the Technical Institute cost \$15,000, which is a very substantial sum. You have done me the honour of inviting me to be the honorary president of the association, and I have the greatest possible pleasure in accepting your invitation (Applause). I have great pleasure to declare to-day these new buildings open, and wish you most cordial and continued success, increased membership and an expanding sphere generally, and I hope that you will enjoy in the Institute the circulating library and all the other facilities which this building offers—(Applause).

MR. MACDONALD.—Mr. Chairman, Your Excellency and Gentlemen—I cannot allow the present opportunity to pass without calling the attention of the members to the good work carried out by the Committee of Management during the past year. They have displayed a great deal of energy in promoting increased interest among the members and the crowning effort of their labour has been the securing and fitting out of our better comfort the very handsome suite of rooms we occupy to-night. To successfully conduct an Institute like this, the members of Committee must devote a great deal of their spare time to the management of it, not only on the business side, but also in arranging and editing the various technical papers which are submitted to them before being read. These papers have always created a great deal of interest among the members both in the reading and the discussions that follow and I am led to understand that a number of new papers are now in the printer's hands and will be read and discussed during the present session. We live in an age of keen competition in engineering matters throughout the world, and all the indications point to a steadily increasing and more severe competition as time goes on. Britain grew great by her foreign trade and foreign possessions, and our position was won for us by the engineers of a generation ago. Most of them were good practical shrewd men, but they had not the technical knowledge which is absolutely necessary in these days to keep in touch with the latest discoveries in our profession. So we must depend on the young men now taking their places to hold their own in the future, and the Committee of this Institute are endeavouring to assist and make it easier for all members who are anxious to improve their knowledge and forward the interests of engineering and shipbuilding. By way of encouraging the young members, your Committee propose awarding gold medals for the two best papers on technical subjects, and we trust that the next visit of His Excellency will be in connection with the presentation of these medals. There are also social events interposed to relieve the exacting strain of work and two silver cups are provided by the Committee for courtesy. I therefore call upon you to award a hearty vote of thanks to the General Committee for the good work done in the past year, supplying it with the name of Mr. Nye, the Chairman (Applause).

MR. NYE, in responding, said.—Mr. Macdonald has referred to the work carried out by the Committee during the past year and the efforts made to further advance the status and usefulness of the Institute. I feel sure that the committee will feel now that their term of office draws near to a finish that it will be noteworthy for at least one excellent scheme carried, though, and that is the removal to these new premises. (Applause). We have endeavoured to conduct the general business in such a manner that the social and scientific aspects have not been neglected, and I can assure the members that the representatives of the closed shop are not overlooked financial officials. Our membership has increased considerably and

of healthy growth. As this Committee lay down the rules of office perhaps hardly attempts to dilate on future cases, but we feel very strongly that it is some of the resources and as well as members that we look to see their best efforts to successfully conduct the meeting discussion of scientific papers. Another which I personally feel requires consideration, is the appointment of a council or literary committee to attend to this part of the Institution's work, separately from the Committee management altogether. I understand also some members are in favour of the Institute providing facilities for the coaching of members in profession, when preparing to pass their part of Trade examinations. This will undoubtedly have the attention of the new Committee. In conclusion I take this opportunity of once again calling on all members to go support the Institution with their attendance, and trusts that it may long continue to flourish and occupy a position in keeping with the engineering profession (Applause).

Mr. RICHARDSON proposed a vote of thanks to the Governor for attending, to open the not only minutes, and for the great honour he had conferred on the Institution by becoming its temporary president (Applause). His Excellency informed them that he knew nothing about the matter, but the speaker begged to differ. His Excellency was an officer in a scientific corps, therefore he must know something about boilers. Mr. Richardson then dwelt on the value of the Institute to young engineers, and concluded by calling for three cheers for the Governor.

Three hearty cheers followed, his Excellency then returned thanks, and the proceedings ended.

THREE CHARGES AGAINST ALLANA.

The case was again called on before Mr. Allalux at the Magistracy yesterday in which E. Allana stands charged with embezzling £50, obtaining a passage to Calcutta by false pretences, and stealing a gold watch.

Mr. P. W. Goldring appeared for the prosecution, and Mr. F. Paget Hett (of Messrs. Hett and Hett) appeared for the defendant.

Mr. Goldring—I understand, your Worship that this is a formal remand to-day.

Mr. Hett—I understand your Worship would be prepared to hear the case this afternoon?

His Worship—If the other case was completed.

Mr. Goldring—I understood it was a formal remand. Anyway, I want to ascertain from the Crown Solicitor if he is going to take any steps to go on to further charges I propose to do so.

His Worship—They do not affect these charges; they are simply additional.

Mr. Goldring—They will be mixed up.

Mr. Hett—Mr. Marican is the informant in this case, and I want to go on.

His Worship—I think I should go on. (To Mr. Goldring)—You have no witnesses here?

Mr. Goldring—No, I understand your Worship had another case on this afternoon.

Mr. Hett—I would ask, if my friend is quite satisfied with his charges, that they should be dismissed.

His Worship informed Mr. Goldring that the facts he had already stated about the passage ticket did not amount to false pretences.

Mr. Goldring—Defendant falsely pretended that he was leaving the Colony.

His Worship—It is time we got on with this case now.

Mr. Goldring—The man is not on extreme light ball, and I have not refreshed my memory on the case. With all due deference, I cannot have made the note 'formal' unless it is said by somebody.

His Worship—It was not said by me.

Mr. Hett—I submit that on the evidence given by Marican there is no offence whatever. This unfortunate client of mine has been in position under bail, with this charge hanging over him, for many, many weeks. My friend has had it all his own way, getting adjournment when he desired, and now he thinks the ought to be put off till next year, or sometime of that kind. Your Worship ought to dismiss the defendant. We could dispose of the case with regard to the passage.

Mr. Goldring—My friend intimated that he was, and is willing to return the ticket.

Mr. Hett—I have never undertaken to return it.

His Worship—I know nothing about the ticket.

Mr. Goldring submitted that on the evidence it stood the defendant had falsely pretended an existing fact.

His Worship—Which is?

Mr. Goldring—His then intention to return to the Colony.

Mr. Hett—How is my friend going to return that it was not his intention at that time?

Mr. Goldring—It is proved that he did not go to Canton instead.

His Worship intimated that he was satisfied with Mr. Goldring in his argument.

Referring to the charge of embezzling watch and chain, Mr. Goldring said it was possible to proceed with that charge with a witness.

Mr. Hett—I would ask your Worship to dismiss the charge in respect of the ticket.

Mr. Goldring—I would ask your Worship not to do that, because I should like to be in the position. I will possibly withdraw the charge at the next hearing and bring a witness, whereas if it is dismissed now it might be said that the question of the ticket had already decided.

His Worship—Bring another charge in respect of the same ticket?

Mr. Goldring—Yes, I should like to be in the position. The fact remains that the defendant obtained the ticket by a gross lie.

are all very correct. They appear in the newspaper, and people think they are facts.

Mr. Goldring.—It is stated as a fact.

His Worship.—The defendant obtained the letters by promises which he did not keep.

Mr. Goldring.—I don't think the defendant asked to have very much more than he has been given.

Mr. Hett.—I understood it was definitely settled that Mr. Goldring would be ready to say.

Mr. Goldring.—I would have been but for the misunderstanding on my part, and I apologise. It is purely my fault, but I do not see why my client should suffer through a fault of my own.

Mr. Hett.—It is not your client, it is mine who suffers.

His Worship died Tuesday, the 22nd instant, as the date for hearing the case.

NATIONAL DEFENCE.

THE ARGUMENT FOR AN "ALL-POWERFUL BRITISH NAVY."

The case for the two-Power standard has never, we think, been more succinctly and more forcibly put than in the following letter from General Sir Henry Brackenbury which was published in the Times of the 12th ult. :—

Sir.—Will you grant to an old public servant, free from any views of party, who has never appeared on a political platform, and never given a vote for a Parliamentary candidate, but has served Ministers of all parties, a little space to speak on a subject that ought to be entirely outside party, but which is in danger of becoming a party question—the subject of national defence?

Is there any danger of war being forced upon us? Are we properly equipped for war with a nation very powerful both by sea and land? My studies have convinced me that the answer to the first question is yes and to the second no.

I do not believe that the German people wish for war with Great Britain or with any other Power. I do not believe that the German Emperor wishes for war, if the ends that he considers essential can be obtained by other means. But it seems to me absolutely proved that Emperor and people are straining every nerve to become as rapidly as possible equal or superior to us in naval armaments, and we know that the German Army is immeasurably superior to ours. And I am convinced that there is an irresistible force driving Germany on, and which will continue to drive her on till England has to accept one of two alternatives—humiliation or war.

That irresistible force is the rapid growth of the German population, which must compel Germany to seek for expansion. That expansion must be into territories suitable for habitation by Europeans; and that means that no territories available, unless they can be taken in North Western Europe, or wrested from Great Britain or the United States.

No one believes that Germany will run the risk of overseas expeditions to America, and there is any reasonable chance of obtaining what she wants by putting pressure on Great Britain; no one who has studied this question doubts that the huge naval armaments which Germany has created in the last few years, and is still with fearful rapidity creating, are designed for any purpose but to equal or surpass the fleets of other nations, and to show that the German Empire is a reality. When this has been attained, Germany will be able to force upon us the alternative of submission to her or war.

We are not likely to strike at Germany, as nothing is more certain than that Germany will choose her own time for using her battle ships and her army. How she will begin, where she will begin, we know not; but any one thing may be sure of—she will say "she begins." The days of "a declaration of war" without hostilities, of "a declaration of war" without shot or other, a pistol is pointed at our heads, we must either give in or fight.

I am not a naval expert, and cannot speak to what our naval strength should be. I am only certain that, in order that we may escape the above alternative being forced upon us, it should be so much greater than that of Germany as to allow for every possible risk from the unknown fleet of submarines, torpedoes, mines and destroyers, and to give us the margin of a large superiority in the line of battle against the whole combined fleet of Germany, choosing its own time and place of attack. If our Navy fulfils the requirements I am content; if not, for Germany has to spend millions as if they were water, to equip a five-shilling or bigger income to make it fulfil them.

Soldier though I am, I am, first of all, for an all-powerful Navy. But I am not bound to believe that there are any grounds in grating to our Navy, or to our Army, or to our people, for such a policy as naval warfare, and that of being in the hands of God.

If our Navy be defeated or so crippled that it cannot keep the sea clear, we may have to deal with invasion by the fleetest army in Europe. I do not doubt the spirit that actuates our officers and men of the Territorial Army, but I think that it is through the lack of the utterly necessary naval power that would tempt me to say, as I hold that it would be little wonder to put those untrained men and uneducated, inexperienced officers into the against the skilled army of Germany.

Is it utterly hopeless to ask the leaders both parties in the State to recognise facts, to agree to take Navy and Army of the field of party politics, to give us, by an agreement, an unquestioned, universal obligation, and to pass an Act for universal obligation, by which alone such an army of Territorial officers and men of sufficient strength for the security be created and maintained?

I know there are many Galleos who care none of these things. I know that the spirit of many—even leading statesmen—is that of Sydney Smith put into the mouth of a Sydney nearly a century ago: "You are imagining, you say, that England will ever be invaded and conquered, and no one will say that I said so; there, because it is so very unlikely that it should be invaded and conquered, that I said so." I was present in France throughout the war of 1870-71. I saw what it means for a country to be invaded even by so much more well-disciplined an army as that of Germany, when I think of those ruined homes, those wretched and orphaned thousands of thousands of wretched prisoners, that many a feeble wretch, I cannot but raise my feeble voice to implore my countrymen to take steps to prevent such a thing, such bitter humiliation, such a loss of money and humiliation which would even the two hundred million sterling which had to be paid by France, which in our case would infinitely out of the five hundred or the thousand million, which would have to be paid to the defeated England, in addition to the loss of Fleet and Colonies.—I am, sir, your obedient servant.

HENRY BRACKENBURY.
Mackay, Alan MacIntosh, Jan. 6.

**DIPLOMATIC SECRETS
REVEALED**

The *Moscow Journal* of Paris published on the 18th all an article on the secret documents of the Orange-book. The author was M. Georges Sillher. This article contains what purports to be the number of confidential documents taken from the Orange-book and the Secret Report of Count Lamoricière to the Emperor. It should be said that the article is preceded by a note signed by the well-known Russian revolutionary M. Bourdieu; and that, in consequence, the comments made upon these documents must be regarded with caution.

The Orange-book contains documents prepared at the Chancellery of the Special Committee of the Far East. About a hundred copies only were published, and, owing to the importance of its contents, they were only distributed among the highest officials of the Empire, each of whom had to give a formal receipt for the book. Count Lamoricière's Secret Report to the Emperor is concerned with these documents, and insists on the necessity of withdrawing them from publicity. Mr. Silber quotes the following words: "The publication of these documents, which reveal the opinions of the Sovereign on questions of principle, constitutes a breach of confidence towards his Imperial Majesty."

In September, 1902, says M. Silber in effect, Russia, instead of keeping her promise of evacuating Manchuria, attempted to occupy Korea. The Secretary of State, M. Resobroff, who was the principal author of the Yalu Expedition, was aware of this, and would render war inevitable, since he laid before General Kurapatkin, Minister of War, a proposal for mobilisation of 70,000 men in Manchuria. A Ministerial Council unanimously recognised the danger of the situation, but M. Resobroff, supported by Admiral Alexeievitch and Rear-Admiral Abaza, persisted in his policy. General Kurapatkin, who had been sent to Japan, telegraphed that the Yalu Expedition would render war inevitable, but the only reply given to him was the appointment of Admiral Alexeievitch as Viceroy of Manchuria, and so according to the writer, the destinies of this country were placed in the hands of the Court (*Camarilla*).

General Kurapatkin resigned, and sent in later to the Emperor a report showing the insignificance of the economic interests of Russia in the Far East, and declaring that Japan could put on a war footing an Army of 900,000 or perhaps a million men. Count Lamoricière, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and Count Witte, Minister of Finance, supported General Kurapatkin in his conviction that there was no danger, in the circumstances, offered by the Japanese. But M. Silber, Resobroff and Rear-Admiral Abaza, who, though they held no high office, directed the foreign policy of Russia simply because they were the intimate friends of the Emperor.

"The documents we possess," says M. Silber, "betray a strange and unshaken situation. Two Ministries of Foreign Affairs, each with its own policy, existed at that moment in Russia: the one called—that of Count Lamoricière—the other, headed that of Count Lamoricière and M. Resobroff. They went to work—Rear-Admiral Abaza, without the knowledge of Count Lamoricière, opened negotiations with the Powers, gave to the Viceroy, Admiral Alexeievitch, political directions entirely unknown to Count Lamoricière, sent secret instructions to the Russian Ambassadors at Peking, Tokyo, and Seoul, and gave orders as if he was the only controller of the foreign policy of Russia."

Mr. Silber, to prove his assertion, quotes what purports to be a document published in the Orange-book—a telegram from Rear-Admiral Abaza to the Secretary of State, M. Resobroff, at Port Arthur, dated June 11, 1903: "The Emperor orders you to keep informed that His Majesty has definitely decided to allow the Japanese to take complete possession of Korea, perhaps even so far as the frontier of our concessions at Yalu towards the east. My decision cannot be communicated to the Emperor after the troops sent from Russia have crossed Lake Baikal, and the Emperor may be no appearance of yielding." The Emperor believes that by giving up Japan in the question we shall avoid the risk of conflict. "The Emperor orders you to communicate everything to General Aide-de-camp Alexeievitch, in order that this new position may serve to direct him. Admiral Alexeievitch to inform M. M. Sazan, Rosen, and Panoff, but in a strictly confidential manner. Admiral Alexeievitch must also act in accordance with the general situation and the opinions of the Ambassadors, choosing the proportions of opinion and reports that will be possible to make the Emperor believe to Japan."

Later again, as it is shown by Document 3 in the Orange-book, Rear-Admiral Abaza thought fit to enter, on January 16th and 17th, into direct negotiations with the Japanese Ambassador. The substance of these negotiations has always been unknown to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, and to the Emperor. Mr. Silber quoted as saying of them in his report: "It is a question whether the facts did not go to a great extent to influence the decision of the Cabinet to reject not to await the official reply of the Imperial Government to its proposal, since as matter of fact, the Japanese Ambassador, who knew that a counter-proposal of the Russian Government was discussed at the meeting of January 15, had the next day already learnt the results of this meeting through the Japanese information given him by Rear-Admiral Abaza."

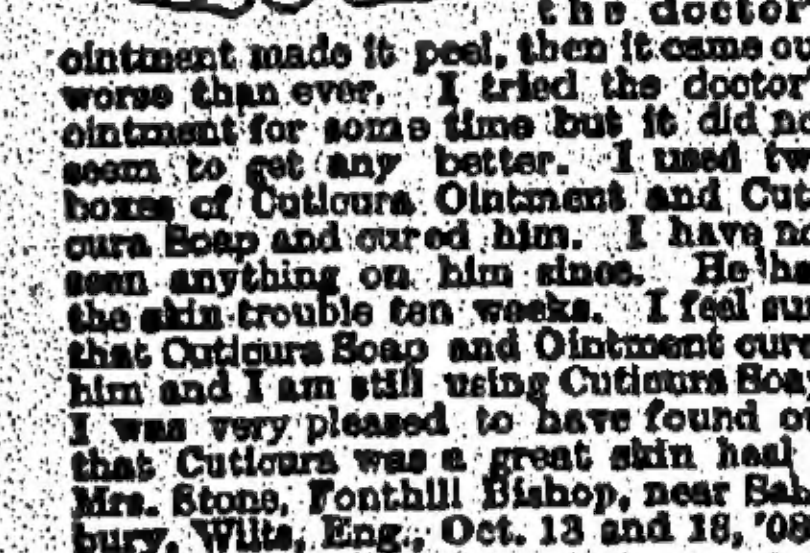
Two more confidential documents are quoted by the writer to show that the Emperor himself had entered into direct negotiations with the Japanese Government, through the intermediary of Rear-Admiral Abaza. The first from his Imperial Majesty to General Alexeievitch dated January 14, 1904—said,—"Keep in consideration for your personal guidance that the case of the Japanese should lead to nothing. Korea or on the East coast, should pay attention to the point of view of the Emperor's interests. In regard to Korea, I repeat, *Je ne suis pas disposé à constituer une cause belliqueuse*. The conclusion of Korea by the Japanese, as far as the relations between the best interests of the Yalu and Tumenok is admissible."

The last despatch, it is suggested, may be that the Japanese in surprising Port Arthur were merely forestalling a similar Russian attack. It is dated January 25, 1904, and signed with the Emperor's own hand: "I speak to you of my own accord, and not by the order of the Ministry." For this reason, if they attempt action against us, you are not to be deterred by their Southern Korean or Eastern coast map to Hanyan. But if on Western coast their fleet, with or without transports, passes to the north of 35th parallel, you may attack without waiting for further news from me. I rely on you. May God aid you."

How to be BRAVIOLO! Keep your position, Mrs. Ellen's Cherry Cheek Cream, Charman and Spence Skin Tonic and Po Chuanling will enable you to do it. Consultation for the skin are the study Medicine A. S. Watson & Co., Ltd., Sole Agents.

SKIN PEEL OFF

CURED AT SMALL COST BY CUTICURA REMEDIES



In the thirty-two page pamphlet wrapped about Outcure Ointment is to be found most valuable suggestions for women, especially mothers, for the preservation and purification of the scalp, hair and hands; for removing tumors, disfiguring humours, rashes and inflammations; for sanative, antiseptic, cleansing of ulcerated, inflamed mucous surfaces and destruction of microscopical life, and for bringing about, by suggestion and medication, a normal condition of health, strength and beauty.

JOINT STOCK SHARES

MEASURES.—Cron & Smyth in their latest report dated 4th February, stated that there is no improvement to report in the local weather in business or rates and but a few sales have taken place during the week. The market continues to show weakness in almost all classes. Exchange on London closes at 1/9 1/16 and on Shanghai at 7/4.

BANKS.—Hongkong and Shanghai are weak at 95, with some small sales during the week; the market closes with sellers. Notes are now quoted at 73 buyers, but no business.

MARINE INSURANCES.—Watsons have buyers at 910 and close steady at that rate. There have been no changes hands at 145, and North at 113.

FIRE INSURANCES.—The market is completely neglected.

SHIPPING.—With the exception of which have improved to 63 1/2, we have no changes or business to report.

REFINERIES.—China Sugars are completely neglected at quotations. London have improved 22 after selling at 21. Exports have advanced in the North to 425.

MIXING.—Langkats have ruled steady are still quoted at 1,020. Chinese B. bags remain quiet with sales at 175.

DOCKS.—WHAVER AND GODOWNS.—Hongkong and Whampoa Docks after the rain of the last six months' working was known as signs of weakness, and the rate fell to small sale at 52. At time of closing it wanted at 51. Kowloon Wharfs were in favour and without change or business. All Docks have further declined to sales in the North.

LANDS, HOTELS AND BUILDINGS.—Kong Lands have been the medium of vestment business at 984 ex dividend. Lands show an improvement at 23. There is strong demand at the advanced rates of 58, but highest are firm and there is little market for exchange hands. Shanghai is quoted in the North at 113 ex dividend.

COTTON MILLS.—Ewos remain quiet at 131, but all other Shanghai Cotton declines. Internationals close at 7. Kung Mews at 80, and Soychoes at 37, kongs have sellers at 6.

RUBBERS.—The market has continued a fair business has been transacted and gradually improved a notice until time close, a fall in London rates had had its effect on the market and a quietness set in. The sales during the week we may Singapore Para at 55; Anglo-Guaya to 22; Bhalford from 42 1/2 to 48; Leo 50 and 62 1/2; Cattlefields at 79 1/2 and 80. Trusts at 7 1/2; pre: Sandycoats at 23. United Sirdangs at 90 and 92 1/2. B. are wanted at 93, and Peroba at 27, and from 23 1/2 to 25 1/2. Closing quotations given below.

MARINE INSURANCE.—China Borneo declines to 113 with sellers, and North Dairys have changed hands at 162. Coments at 74. China Provs. at 64 at 20, and China Lights at 91. buyers of Dairys, Electric, China Philippines at quotations.

THE COMET'S TAIL

Mr. Cromwell, of Greenwich, O made an important statement as to the earth passing through the tail of comet. "I do not apprehend," he said, "that there will be the smallest danger to the earth."

People should understand that the comet is enormously tenuous, or thin, must be remembered that this intense spread out over millions and millions of miles.

Mr. Cromwell further pointed out that the head of the comet is of such slight density that it has no effect upon the motions of the earth.

"So even if the earth came into the head of this comet, instead of the tail, it should not satisfactorily flame," he remarked, "for that the comet is so tenuous that it is the immediate neighbourhood of the sun."

THE COMET'S TAIL

10. The following information is provided for the year ended 31 December 2014:

(ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.) MUTUAL EXCHANGE, LIMITED.

[A. T. QUILLER-COUCH]
(Author of "Dead Man's Rock," "Troy Town," etc.).

Millionaire though he was, Mr. Markham (nee Markheim) never let a small opportunity slip. To be sure the enforced idleness of Atlantic crossing bored him and kept him restless. He affected him with malice to think that for these five days, while the solitude of ocean swallowed him, men on either shore, with cables at their command, were using them to get rich on their own account—it might even be at his expense. The first day out from New York he had spent in his cabin, immersed in correspondence. Having dealt with this and exhausted it, on the second, third and fourth days he found nothing to do. He never played cards; he except in the way of business; he had no vanity, and to be stared at on the promenade deck because of the fame of his wealth merely annoyed him. On the other hand, he had not the smallest excuse to look himself up in this stuffy state-room. He enjoyed fresh air, and had never been so sick in his life.

It was just habit—the habit of never letting a chance go, or the detail of a chance that on the fourth morning, excited him the length of the hour, to suggest in talk with the fresh coloured young third officer busy on the high deck forward.

"A young man, exposed as you are, ought to insure himself," said Mr. Markham.

The third officer, by name Dick Rendal, knew something of the inquisitiveness and idle ways of passengers. This was his fifth trip in the *Carnatic*. He took no truck in passengers beyond showing them the patient politeness enjoined by the Company's rules. He knew nothing of Mr. Markham, who dispensed with the services of a maid and dressed with a shabbiness only pardonable in the extremely rich. Mr. Markham, "the Insurance King," had arrayed himself this morning in grey flannel, with a reach-me-down overcoat, cloth cap and carpet slippers that betrayed his flat Jewish instep. Dick Rendal sized him up for an insurance tout; but behaved precisely as he would have behaved on better information. He refrained from ordering the intruder aft; but eyed him less than smilingly, keeping close on his ship and justifying him on his job.

"I saw you yesterday," said Mr. Markham. (It had blown more than half a gale, and late in the afternoon three heavy seas had come aboard. The third officer at this moment was employed with half-a-dozen seamen in repairing damages). "I was watching. As I judged, it was the nicest miss you weren't overboard. Over and above employers' liability, you should insure. The Hands Across Mutual Exchange—that's your office."

Mr. Markham leaned back and put a hand up to his inner breast-pocket. It is uncertain whether for his cigarette, or for some leaflet relating to the Hands Across.

"Take care, sir!" said the third officer sharply. "That stanchion."

He called too late. The hand as it touched the breast-pocket, shot up and claved at the air. With a voice that was less a cry than a startled grunt, Mr. Markham pitched backwards off the fore-deck into the sea.

The third officer started for just a fraction of a second; ran, seized a life-belt as the liner's launch went shooting past, and hurried it—with a good swim, to almost before a man of his working party had time to raise the cry of "Man Overboard!" Before the alarm reached the bridge, he had kicked off his shoes; and the last sound in his ears as he dived was the ping of the bell ringing down to the engine-room—the note, infinitely distant, speaking out of an immediate silence.

It was a beautiful day, but in the flurry of the plunge the third officer forgot for an instant the right upward slant of the palms and went a great way deeper than he had intended. By the time he rose to the surface the liner had slid, and for a moment or two he saw nothing; for instinctively he came up facing it, towards the spot where Mr. Markham had fallen, and the long sea running after yesterday's gale threw up a ridge that sent a wave crashing over him. He took it for a second, and then heave up the trough heaved. By and by a life-belt swam up into sight, then another—at least a dozen had been flung, and beyond these at length, on the dimly crest of the swell two hundred yards away, the head and shoulders of Mr. Markham. By great good luck the first life-belt had fallen within a few feet of him, and Mr. Markham had somehow managed to get within reach of it. He caught it—highly creditable feat when it is considered that he was at best a poor swimmer. What the fall had knocked more than half the breath out of his body, that he had swallowed close, pink of salt water, and that a heavy overcoat impeded his movements. But after this first effort Mr. Markham, as his clothes weighed him down, began to feel the pressure to make very bad weather of it. He made worse weather of it as Dick Rendal covered the distance between them with a speedily swiftness. He swam close to the side of the liner, and held on, and kept a good heart. Mr. Markham, whether in heart or no, held on with great courage, and even, somehow, up to a point. Then one sudden his nerve deserted him. He loosed his hold of the life-belt, and struck out for his rescuer. Worse, as he sank in the effort, and Dick gripped him, he closed and struggled. For half a minute Dick, shaking free of the embrace and this only by striking him on the jaw and half stunning him as they rose on the crest of a swell—was able to grip him by the collar and drag him within reach of the life-belt. But here the demitoid man managed to wrench his legs and arms in another and more terrible hold. The pair of them were now cursing horribly, cursing whenever a wave left choking them, and allowed them to cough and splutter to breathe. They fought as two men whose lives had been put up an unbearable stake for the moment. They fought, neither loosing his hold, as their strength ebbed, and the weight of their clothes dragged them lower. When the liner's boat at length reached the spot, Dick Rendal's hand still clutched the cord of the life-belt, but both bodies were under water, fast, locked. They were hauled on board, as on a long-line you haul a cat fastened upon it; and laid in the stern-chute where their grip was with some difficulty loosened.

It may have happened in the struggle. Again it may have happened when they were hoisted aboard and laid, for a minute or so, side by side on the deck. Both men were insensible; so Mr. Rendal, who had the doctor looked serious as he and his helpers began to induce artificial respiration.

The young third officer "came round" after five minutes of this; but strangely enough, in the end he was found to be suffering from a severer shock than Mr. Markham, on whose forehead the doctor poured two full twenty minutes before a fainter of the eyelids rewarded him. They were

carried away—the third officer, in a state of collapse, to his modest berth; Mr. Markham to his white-and-gold dock-cabin. On his way thither, Mr. Markham protested fiercely that he saw no reason for all this fuss; he was as right now or nearly as right, as the Bank; and anyway it was all in the day's work.

III.

"How's Rendal getting on?"

Captain Holditch, skipper of the *Carnatic*, put this question next morning to the doctor, and was somewhat surprised by the answer.

"Oh, Rendal's all right. That is to say, he will be all right. Just now he's suffering from shock. My advice—supposing, of course, you can spare him—is to pack him straightaway off to his people on a week's leave. In a week he'll be fit as a fiddle." The doctor passed and added, "Which I could feel as easy about the millionaire."

"Why, what's the matter with him? Struck me he pulled round wonderfully, once you'd brought him too. He talked as cheery as a grig."

"He's—yes," said the doctor. "He has been talking like that ever since, only he hasn't been talking sense. Calls me names for keeping him in bed, and wants to get out and repair that stanchion. I told him it was mendacious. 'No,' he said, 'I had to quit him down with trouble. By the way, did you send off any account of the accident?'"

"By wireless? No, I took rather particular pains to stop that—gets into the papers, only frightens the family and friends, who conclude things to be ten times worse than they are. Plenty of time at Southampton. Boat-express'll take him home ahead of the scare."

"Lives in Park Lane, doesn't he?—that big corner like a grig?"

"Yes, you thought it was a grig. Only someone might have been down to the docks to meet him. Wish I knew his doctor's address. Well, never mind—I'll fix him up so that he reaches Park Lane, anyway."

"He ought to do something for Rendal," mused Captain Holditch.

"He will, you bet; when his head's right, that's if a millionaire's head is ever right," added the doctor, who held radical opinions on the distribution of wealth.

"The captain ignored this. He never talked politics, even when ashore. As a plucky reason as ever I witnessed," he went on. "Yes, of course I'll spare the lad. Slip a few dollars into his bag, and tell him he can get off by the first train. Oh, and by the way, you might ask him if he's all right for money; say he can draw on me if he wants any."

The doctor took his message down to Dick Rendal.

"We're this moment passing Hurst Castle," he announced cheerfully, "and you may tumble out if you don't. But first I'll pack a few dollars for you—if you let me I'll do it better than the steward. Shore-going clothes, my suit—where'd you keep your cabin trunk? Eh? Suitcase, is it?—best leather, nickel look—no, silver, as I'm a seaman! Hello, my young friend!—here the doctor looked up, mischief in his eye. "You never struck me as that sort of dude; and fathers and mothers don't sit their offspring out with silver locks to their suit-cases—or they've altered since my time. Well, you'll enjoy your leave all the better, and give me my congratulations. The Old Man says you may get off as soon as we've docked, and stay home till you've recovered. I daresay it won't be long before you feel better," he wound up with a glance at the suit-case.

"The Old Man? Yes—yes—Captain Holditch, of course," muttered Dick from his berth.

The doctor looked at him, narrowly for a moment; but when he spoke again, kept by intention the same easy rattling tone. "Decent of him, eh?—Yes, and by the way, he asked me to tell you that if you should happen to be flush of money just now, that wouldn't hinder you five minutes. He'll be your banker, and make it right with the Board."

Dick lay still for half a dozen seconds, as though the words took that time in reaching him. Then he let out a short laugh from somewhere high in his nose. "My banker? Will he, good Lord!"

"Maybe," said the doctor drily, laying out a suit of muff at the foot of the bed. "The Old Man said I belong to the same date. I've heard that youngsters save money now-a-days. But when I was your age that sort of offer would have hit the mark nine times out of ten."

He delivered this as a parting shot. Dick, lying on his back and staring up at a knot in the woodwork over his bunk, received it placidly. Probably he did not hear. His brow was over-rugated in a frown, as though he were working out a sum or puzzling over some problem. The doctor closed the door softly, and some minutes later paid a visit to Mr. Markham, whom he found stretched on the couch of the white-and-gold dock-cabin, attired in a grey flannel sleeping-suit, and wrapped around the legs with a travelling rug of dubious hue.

"That's a good deal better," he said cheerfully after an examination, in which while seeming to be occupied with pulses and temperature, he paid particular attention to the pupils of Mr. Markham's eyes. "We are naming up the Solent fast—did you know it? Ten minutes ought to see us in Southampton Water. I suppose you will be wanting to catch the first train."

"Tender," said Mr. Markham vaguely, "if the Old Man will mind."

The doctor stared for a moment. "I think you may risk," he said after a pause; "though I confess that last night, I was doubtful. Of course, if you're going to be met, it's right enough."

"Why should I be met?"

"Well, you see, couldn't know, could I? Anyway you ought to be met by your doctor as soon as you get home. Perhaps, if you want me to name him, I might scribble a note to him, just to say what has happened. Even big-wigs, you know, don't resent being helped with a little information."

Mr. Markham stared. "Lord!" said he. "You're talking as if I kept a tame doctor. Why, man, I've never been sick now since I went to school!"

"That's not hard to believe. I've attended you—sounded as a bell, you are constitutionally strong as a horse. Still, a check is a check. You're a family doctor, I expect—someone you ring up when your liver goes wrong, and you want to be advised to go to Marlborough or some such place—I'd feel easier if I could shift the responsibility on to him."

Still Mr. Markham stared. He heard about enough of this about his system," said he at length. "But have it your own way. If you want me to recommend a doctor, my mother swears by an old boy in Grosvenor Street, Strand. I don't know the number, but his name's Leadbetter, and he's death on crows."

"Grosvenor Street? That's a trifle off Park Lane, isn't it?—Still, Leadbetter, you say? I'll get hold of the directory, look up his address, and drop him a note or two on the case by this evening's post."

A couple of hours later Mr. Markham and Dick Rendal almost rubbed shoulders in the crowd of passengers shaking hands with the good-bye of Captain Holditch, and bidding the *Carnatic* good-bye with the usual part-

ing compliments; but in the hurry and bustle no one noted that the pair exchanged neither word nor look of recognition. The skipper, good Dick, an honest, sleep on the stanchion. "Doctor," said, "you've got them! That's right. Make the best of your holiday, and I'll see that the Board does you justice, and with that, turned away for more sand-shaking. One small thing he did remark. When it came to Mr. Markham's turn, that gentleman, before extending a hand, lifted it to his forehead and gravely murmured: "But great men—as Captain Holditch know—have their eccentric ways."

It was not until the luggage came to be packed out and put on board the Boat Express, that Dick's porter under his direction collected and wheeled off Mr. Markham's; while Mr. Markham picked up Dick's suitcase, walked away with it unchallenged to a third-class smoking compartment and deposited it on the rack. There were three other passengers in the compartment. "Good Lord!" ejaculated one, as the millionaire stepped out to purchase an evening paper. "Isn't that Markham? Well!—and travelling third!" "Savvy habits—sensible nature," said another. "That's the way to get rich, my boy."

Meanwhile Dick, having paid for four places, and thereby secured a first-class solitude, visited the telegraph office, and thrust the few pounds in his pocket by sending a number of cable-grams.

On the journey up, Mr. Markham took some annoyance from the glances of his fellow passengers. They were furtive, almost reverential, and this could only be set down to his exploit of yesterday. He thanked Heaven they forbore to talk of it.

IV.

In the back-parlour of a bookseller's shop, between the Strand and the Embankment, three persons sat at tea; the proprietor of the shop, a grey little man with round spectacles and bushy eyebrows—his wife and a pretty girl of twenty or twenty-one. The girl apparently was a visitor, for she wore her hat, and her jacket lay across the arm of an old horsehair sofa that stood against the wall in the lamp's soft shadow; and yet the grey little bookseller and his little Dresden-China wife very evidently made no stranger of her. They talked, all three, as members of a family talk, when contented and affectionate; at haphazard, taking one another for granted, not raising their voices.

The table was laid for a fourth, and by-and-by they heard him coming through the shop—in a hurry, too. The old lady, always sensitive to the sound of her boy's footsteps, looked up almost in alarm; but the girl half rose from her chair, her eyes eager.

"I know," she said breathlessly. "Jim's back!"

"Christy here? That's right!" A young man broke into the room, and stood waving a newspaper. "The *Carnatic* arrived!—here it is under 'Late News'! I bought the paper as I came by Somerset House—*Carnatic* arrived Southampton 3.45 this afternoon. Her time from Sandy Hook 5 days, 6 hours, 45 minutes."

"Then she hasn't broken the record this time, though Dick was positive she would," put in the old lady. During the last six months she had developed a craze for Atlantic records, and knew the performance of all the great liners by heart.

"You had better mother!"—Jim wagged a forefinger at her. "You don't deserve to hear such news."

"Is there any more?"

"More? Just you listen to this—Reports heroic rescue: Yesterday afternoon Mr. Markham, the famous Insurance King, accidentally fell overboard from fore-deck, and was gallantly rescued by a young officer named Rendal—you bet that's a misprint for Rendal—error in the wire, perhaps. We'll get a later edition after tea—who looted into the sea and swam to the sinking millionaire, supporting him until assistance arrived. Mr. Markham and by this afternoon recovered sufficiently to travel home by the Boat Express. There, see for yourselves!" Jim spread the newspaper on the table.

"But don't they say anything about Dick?" quavered the mother, fumbling with her glasses, while Miss Christy stared at the print with shining eyes.

"Dick's not a millionaire, mother—though it seems he has been supporting one for a few minutes anyway. Well, Christy, how does that make you feel?"

"You see, my dear," said the little bookseller softly, addressing his wife, "if any harm had come to the boy, they would have reported it for certain."

They talked over the news while Jim ate his tea, and now and again interrupted with his mouth full; talked over it and speculated upon it in low excited tones, which grew calmer by degrees. But still a warm flush showed on the cheeks of both the women, and the little bookseller found it necessary to take out his handkerchief at intervals and wipe his round spectacles.

He was wiping them perhaps for the twentieth time, and something that he must go and relieve his assistant in the shop, when the assistant's voice was heard quivered close outside—as it seemed, in remembrance with a customer.

"Hello!" said the little bookseller, and was rising from his chair when the door opened. A middle-aged, Jewish-looking man, wrapped in the chin in a shabby ulster and carrying a suit case, stood on the threshold, and regarded the little party.

"Mother!" cried Mr. Markham. "Christy!" He set down the suitcase, and took two eager strides. Old Mrs. Rendal, the one immediately manœuvred, slunk back into Jim's arms as he started up with his throat working to bolt a mouthful of cake. Christy caught her breath.

"Who is that stranger who's here?" demanded Jim. "Get out of this, unless you want to be thrown out!"

"Christy!" again appealed Mr. Markham, but in a fainter voice. He had come to a standstill, and his hand went slowly up to his forehead.

Christy pointed to the suitcase. "It's—Jim's! Dick's!" she gasped. Jim did not hear. "Mr. Wrenham," he said to the white-faced assistant in the doorway; "will you stop out, please, and fetch a policeman?"

"Excuse me," Mr. Markham took his hand from his forehead, and pressed it behind him, groping as he stepped backwards—the door was shut. "I am not well, I think," he spoke precisely as though each word as it came had to be held and gripped. "The address"—here he turned on Christy with a vague, apologetic smile—"faces clear in my head. Mistake—I really beg your pardon."

"Get him some brandy, Jim," said the little bookseller. "The gentleman's ill, whoever he is."

But Mr. Markham turned without another word and hurried past the assistant, who sat staring himself against a bookshelf to give him time. Jim followed him out through the shop; saw him cross the doorstep and turn away down the pavement to the left; stared in his wake until the darkness and the traffic swallowed him; and returned, softly whistling to the little parlour.

"Drunk's the simplest explanation," he suggested. "But how did he know my name?" demanded Christy. "And the suit-case?"

"Eh? He's left it—well, if this doesn't beat the band! Here, Wrenham—help after the man and tell him he left his luggage behind!" Jim stooped to lift the case by the handle.

"But it's Dick's!"

"It's the suit case I gave him—my birthday present last April. See, there are his initials!"

Dick Rendal, alighting at Waterloo, collected his luggage—or rather, Mr. Markham's—methodically, saw it hoisted on a four-wheeler; and seeing the cabby two shillings told him to deliver it at an address in Park Lane, where the butler would pay him his street fare. This done he had carefully evolved on the way up from Southampton. These do not come into the story; which may digress, however, so far as to tell that on receipt of one of them the Vice-President of the Hands Across Central New York office remarked to his secretary that "the old warrier was laying no time. Leaders and come would appear to have kicked him up."

To which the secretary answered that it was lucky for civilization if Mr. Markham missed suspecting their effort, or had infallibly made a "corner" in both.

Having despatched his orders Dick Rendal felt in his pockets for a cigar-case; was annoyed and amused (in a sub-conscious sort of way) to find only a briar pipe and a pocket-pipe, and started to walk.

His way led him across Westminster Bridge, up through Whitehall, and brought him to the door of that building which, among all the great London clubs, most exuberantly resembles a palace. He mounted its person with the springy confidence of youth; and that same spring and confidence of gait carried him past the usually vigilant porter. A marble staircase led him to the lordliest smoking-room in London. He frowned, perceiving that his favourite armchair was occupied by a comely Judge of the High Court, and catching up the "Evening News" he settled himself in a window-bay commanding the greatest traffic square of the Horse Guards, and the lamp-lit Mall.

He had entered the smoking-room lightly, almost jauntily; but—set a doubt of it—he was tired; so tired that he shuffled his body twice and thrice in the armchair before discovering the precise angle that gave superlative comfort.

"I beg your pardon, sir."

Dick opened his eyes. A liveried footman stood over his chair and was addressing him.

"Eh? Did I ring? Yes, you may bring me a glass of liquor—brandy. As a matter of fact, if you please, to tell the truth, George, I'm not feeling very well."

The man started at hearing his name, but made no motion to obey the order.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but the Secretary wishes to see you in his room."

"The Secretary? Mr. Hood? Yes, certainly," Dick rose. "I—I am afraid you must give me your arm, please. A giddiness—the ship's motion, I suppose."

The secretary was standing at his door in the great vestibule as Dick came down the staircase on the man's arm. "I beg your pardon," he said, but may I have your name? The porter does not recognize you, and I fear that I am equally at fault."

"My name"—with the same gesture that Mr. Markham had used in the little back parlour, Dick passed a hand over his eyes. He laughed, and even to his own ears the laugh sounded vacant, foolish.

"Are you a member of the club, sir?"

"I thought I was. The marble pillars of the station were swaying about him like painted clothes, the tasselled argument heaving and rocking at his feet. "Abominably stupid of me," he muttered, "unpardonable, you must think."

The Secretary looked at him narrowly, and decided that he was really ill; that there was nothing in his face to suggest the impostor. "Come into my room for a moment," he said, and sent the footman upstairs to make sure that no small property of the Club was missing. "Have, drink down the brandy. Feeling better? You are aware, no doubt, that I might call in the police and have you searched?"

For a moment Dick did not answer, but stood staring with rigid eyes. At length—

"They won't find what I want," he said slowly, dropping out the words one by one. The Secretary now felt certain that there was a genuine case of mental derangement. With such he had no desire to be troubled; and so, the footman bringing word that nothing had been stolen, he dismissed Dick to the street.

VI.

The brandy steadied him, Dick went down the steps with a fairly firm tread. But he went down into a world that for him was all darkness—darkness of chaos—carrying an entity that was not his, but belonged Heaven knew to whom.

The streets, the traffic, meant nothing to him. Their roar was within his head, and on his ears, nostrils, chest, lay a pressure as of mighty waters. Rapidly as he walked, he felt himself all the while to be lying face down deep in these waters, face downwards, with drooped head, held motionless there, while something within him struggled impotently to rise to the surface. The weight that held him down almost to bursting was as the weight of foun.

The houses, the shop-fronts, the street-lamps, the throng of dark figures, passed him in unmeaning procession. Yet all the time his feet by some instinct, were leading him towards the water; and by and by he found himself staring—still face downwards—into a black inverted heaven wherein the lights had become stars and swayed and twinkled.

He had, in fact, fallen, and was leaning over the parapet of the Embankment, a few yards from Cleopatra's Needle; and as he passed the plinth some impression of it must have bitten itself on the retina; for coiled among the stars lay two motionless sphinxes green-eyed, with sheathed claws, watching lazily while the pressure bore him down to them, and still down.

Suddenly on this dome of night there broke the echo of a footfall. A thousand foot-steps had passed him, and he had heard of none of them. But this one, springing out of nowhere, came and repeated itself and reached across the dome, and from edge to edge. Dick's fingers drew themselves up like the claws of the sphinx. The foot-steps drew nearer while he crouched—they were close to him. Dick kept at them, with murder in his spring.

Where the two men grappled, the parapet of the Embankment opened on a flight of river-stairs. Mr. Markham had uttered no cry; nor did a sound escape either man as, locked in that wreath, they swayed to and fro. The foot-steps were hurried, but unconscious, still looked in neither man's arms.

"Quarrel business," said one of the rowers as he helped to loosen their clasp, and lift the bodies on board the Royal Humane Society's terge. "Looks like murderous assault. But with of em done it by the looks, now!"

Five minutes later Dick's eyelids fluttered. For a moment he stared up at the dimly lamp swinging overhead; then his lips parted in a cry, faint yet sharp.

"Take care, sir! That stanchion!"

But Mr. Markham's first words were—

"Plucky! devilish plucky!—were you my life, my lad."

SAINT-RAPHAEL

TONIC, RESTORATIVE, DIGESTIVE WINE
Very palatable.

Known throughout the world and prescribed in all cases of Anemia, Debility and Convalescence, to young women children and the aged. Invaluable in hot climates.

DOSE: One wine-glass after the two principal meals.

Each bottle of genuine VIN SAINT-RAPHAEL bears, in addition to the registered trade-mark:

(1) THE WARRANTY STAMP OF THE UNION DES FABRICANTS.
(2) A METAL SEAL advertising CROZET-BLANC.

CLETEAS is a MELISSA and MINT cordial which surpasses all others by its purity and faultless preparation. To be taken on a lump of sugar.

COMPAGNIE DE VIN SAINT-RAPHAEL, Valence (Drôme-France).

AGENTS—CALBECK, MACGREGOR & Co., HONGKONG.

By Royal Warrant to H.M. the King.

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE

is the original and genuine "Worcestershire," and is the ideal sauce for use with all kinds of meat dishes, fish, soup, game, cheese or salads.

—the beautiful and historic city in the West of England where this sauce has always been made, and whence it continues to be exported in ever-increasing quantities to all parts of the world.

Wright & Greig's
"Premier"
Scotch Whisky.

JUST THE SAME AS YOU GET AT HOME IN SCOTLAND.

WRIGHT & GREIG, Ltd., Dallas Distillery, Forres, Elginshire.

Head Office: 64 Waterloo Street, Glasgow.

BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

BOVRIL

Tempts you to Eat and Feeds you.

Whether at home, at the office, in the restaurant, or in the theatre, a cup of Bovril is easily and quickly procured.

ALWAYS INSIST UPON BOVRIL, AND SEE THAT YOU GET IT.

